

THAT GIRL

"I never in all my | ife did see the like of that girl! I don't belie we there's another of her sort in all Californ na. I hope not, any-

Mrs. Fromer shood in the doorway of her rude little cabin and ha sked with interest and disapproval up the m untain road. There was nobody but little + vear-old Jerry for her to talk to, and he was to busy to pay any attention, but with the pe riormances of "that

girl" for a subject Mrs. Fromer must talk. "There! Did anyther y ever see anything to equal that? Why, si se just got outo that dog's back and made him jump over that rock as if he was a how ... What in the world is she up to now! Well . I do declare."

Quite evercome by a bonishment and dismay the woman had to stop talking for a moment, and she stood in breathless silence watching the strange ge ings on which had so upset her mind.

And no wonder, for the prants she was witnessing were enough to make any woman with fixed ideas of pa apriety feel a little faint and giddy. It mis the supposed that Mrs. Fromer would be ve become used to such pranks by this time a, but she had not. Nobody did become used to them, it seemed.
Consequently Hilo Moure ain, although it was not a volcane, was alway 's in a state of disturbance, because "that girl" was continually doing something extra aordinary.

Just now, without he owing—or caring—

that she had a spectator, she was rehearing a sort of Wild West show in the rocky road a little way above the Fromer house. There were only two performers-herself and the immense dog she aiwa is had with her—but they were so active and versatile, and made so much noise, that they were more than

it was amusing to see the little midget- gone, God knows where!" she was only 13, and small for her ageplaying Indian and so sut and stage driver, an i giving a really good imitation of each. And she went at her fun with such spirit and enthusiasm that no looker on could help

being excited in sympat by.

The dog, a great St. Bernard, was quite as enthusiastic as his raistress and was full of the spirit of the occasion. It was evident that he saw no impropriety at all in this butiness. He gave it all the assistance in his power and was wond wfully intelligent in his performances.

Suddenly the girl stood upon the dog's back and balanced herself there with the skill of a monkey while the creature scampered up and down the road, leaned over rocks and did many other break neck things. The girl held a stick in her hand, which she pretended was a gan, and at short innervals she "made believe" to fire the weapon, giving at the same time an Indian whoop.

It was this feature of the show that had caused Mrs. Fromer to exciaim and to hold her breath. It had also entracted the attention of little Jerry Fromer. At once the child was filled with admiration, and ran out into the road to join the fascinating party. His mother caught and brought him back, not without loud protests on his part. The girl heard his outcries and, understood them. She came racing to the house door in the hope of saturing another playfellow

Let me have him jest a little while!" She was panting and flashed and eager; her eyes sparkled and her face was bright and animated. In spite of her unkempt black hair and her torn clothing she looked very pretty and childish then; and there was ceramly nothing vicious in the straight look of Peter Pelter.

"Let me have him," she said again, "I'll "let me have him," she said again, "I'll "I war home jest afore that. Left right take right good cace of him, an' he'll have atterwards." loadso' fun. Ranter'll be right glad to have him, too.

whom the big dog was willing to accept as a than ever. play nate was honored indeed.

with her, but his mother held him close and mot ed a step further away.

The girl sprung muchly up and caught her

father round the neck, where she clung, kissing his bearded face. The rough mountaineer kissel her in return, just as a better dressel father would have done and stroked her bair

"All right, ain't ve, Rilly?" be said. "Ranter took good care on ye whilst I was away! Got to be off again, but I'll be back this He kissed her again and put her-down on

'Now you an' Ranter be off to yer fun. He's the comp'ny you've got to associate with, The girl and the dog ran away together

and the man turned again to speak to Mrs. "I don't want my gal to be intrudin' an' I won't 'low her to be intrudin'," he said, with

a kind of rade dignity.
"The wasn't intruding. But I will say this, Pets Pelter, you ought to stay bome more and keep her in some sort of order. It's too

bad, the way she goes on. Why, she's the wor? child on Hilo Mountain." "There hain't no man would say that to me bout my gal!" the father said, roughly. Then he softened his tone, remembering it was a

Ye're wrong 'bout Rilly," he continued. "She am't the wust child. She's the best child, the lovin'est, generousest, bravest, best child that's goin'. It's her way that makes ye t mak different, an' ways depends on p'ints an' riew. Rilly min't so bad, bein' rough, as some is bein' smooth. Et' her mother wur hivin'--wall, she showed what she'd 'ave done when she gave her that purty name, Amarillo. She'd ave made her the purtiest be-

Woman don't bother!" Pelter made an awkward bow and walked off toward his cubin, and Mrs. Fromer went into the bouse to think it over, leaving little Jerry outside. She was very glad that he lind so soon forgotten Killy's invitation

and his own disappointment.
No child on the mountain—or off the mountain, for that matter-was quite so good as little Jerry Fromer. His father believed it little Jerry Fromer. His father believed it and his mother knew it. He made no trouble this mother knew it. He made no trouble change yer plant o' view 'bout my gal."—at all, but amused numeel in all sorts of pret.

James C. Purdy in Philadelphia Times. ty little ways, leaving his busy mother free to attend to the great amount of work which every housekeeper—even in a mountain cabin in California—always finds to do.

to play out of doors, so that he was far hap-pier, as well as far healthier, then if he were court. Holker was in London division shut up in the house. And as he never thought of running away, this was all very satisfactory to the mother. Sometimes she did not have to look after him from noon

til supper time.
This afternoon was one of those fortunate disturbed to work and think. She thought

neat, as she 2 ways and for the father's h

coming.

She went to the door, but Jerry was not where she had left him. She looked quickly about, but her child was nowhere in sight. She called; no answer came. In a panic she ran all about the house, and up and down the road, calling as she went; neither sight nor sound of her child could she gain. Little

"That girl! That dreadful girl!" Mrs Fromer mouned, as she realized that her baby was gone. "But, then, I would have heard her if she had come about."

Desperate and heart broken, she continued her fruitless search, growing more and more excited with every minute. When Mr. Fromer came home he found his wife so nearly frantic that he could hardly learn from her what had happened.

It was a terrible thing when he did learn

and realize it. There was no knowing how long the child had been gone, but with darkness coming swiftly on he would have time before he could be found to get hopelessly lost in the forest that was not so very far away. He might be wandering there even now; and it was no safe place for a little child to wander. To say nothing of the dangers of starvation or exhaustion, wild beasts were not unknown there. More than once or twice mountain lions had been seen or beard not very far from the little scattered settle-

Very quickly Mr. Fromer satisfied himself that his child was indeed gone, and he was about starting away to summon the neighbors to help him in the search, when Pete Pelter appeared. There was trouble in his face and anxiety in his voice. "Was Rilly here ag'in atter I left yef" he

"No."

"See ain't to hum, on' I sin't been able fur to find her, an' I'm oneasy 'bout her, it must "Have you lost your child, too?" Mr. Fro-

mer exclaimed in astonishment. "I was just coming to ask you to help find ours. He's He stopped speaking with that break in his voice which it is always so hard to listen Even in his own grief and trouble Peter Pelter felt keen sympathy with this other

an exclamation from Mrs. Fromer checked

"That girl!" Jerry's mother cried out. And it was easy to know from her tone what she

was thinking of.
Her husband laid his hand on her shoulder and stopped her from saying more. Mr. Pelter heard the words and noted the movement, but he only said:

"I'll help ye to hunt fur yer child. I kin hunt fur mine later. Or mebbe we'll find 'em together. I reckon that's most likely." All night long those two men, with the belp of all the other men in the settlement,

searched the forest with torches for their lost children and found no trace of either given by a man who came to join the searching party. In the afternoon, while on a shoulder of

the mountain near the settlement, he had stopped to look down at the houses and the road. He saw a little child going along the road toward the forest. He thought that was not safe, so he started down the slope to capture the little rover. He was a good while getting to the road, and when he got there he saw only Rilly Pelter and her dog. He asked her about the child he had seen, but she only looked at him and started off toward her father's house. Thinking he had been frightened without reason, the man had gone his way without giving any alarm. "What time might that ha' been?" asked

'Bout 3 o'clock, I reckon."

All the next day the search was kept up, inn, ton."

This last was smeant as the highest complication of the second in the seco ment that could be paid. Any little boy day the search was renewed with more vigor

play mate was honored indeed.

Jerry kicked in his mother's arms and held out his hands to the girl and begged to go were widely separated from the other search-

It was a movement of distike. The girl un- A moment later they found larger foot-It was a movement of distike. The girl understood it. She draw back as if from a blow, and the stopped coaxing, while her face lost and those of a dog close to them. The men looked at each other with tears of joy all its bright animation. She was a very senting the stopped coaxing, while her face lost are looked at each other with tears of joy and ribbonlike graveled paths winding away ranning down their faces and neither was a very senting the scent foet, upon the sacred awfulness of the companies of the control of the contr

ground, pointing to the ground, where the tracks of another animal mingled with those of the dog. "Do ye know what them is! Them's the footprints of a mountain lion!" It was true. There was no mistaking the

nature of those later tracks. "You and me know what them marks mean for both ov us," said Feter, putting his hand on Mr. Fromer's shoulder. "Ther hain't no hurry now, fur we're too late. So afore we go on to look fur our children's afore we go on to look fur our children's bones, I want you to apolargise to my Rilly. Right here! Right now! Ye thought in yer heart as she'd led your little feller off. I knew she didn't. She's give her life tryin't to save him fur ye. How do I know! 'Cause that's natural to Rilly, fur one thing. 'Nother thing, then little trucks was made afore the tagger ones 'ad the dog's. 'Nother thing, the beby was alone when Bill Brown seen him, 'ad Rilly was alone when he seen her 'nd told her 'boat it. An' more'n all that and told her boat it. An more in all that, while I was out of the cabin after Bill Brown seen bor, she was there ind carried off grub enough to last her in I the baby—if she found him alive—till she could git him hum. An' now, Jake Fromer, if you don't applergisa fur that insult ye thought, I'll kill ye?" Without speaking Mr. Fromer looked into the other man's eyes and held out his hand.

The look and the gesture meant more than the words he could not cantrol himself to the words he could not control himself to speak, and the apology was made and accepted. The two clasped hands, and then went forward in four and trembling.

Presently they stopped, having almost stumbled over the dead body of a mountain lion. At the same moment a faint, weak whine of recognition sounded close by, and then there was a heavy but very feedbe ery.

then there was a happy but very feeble cry of welcome, and the two fathers knelt beside

of welcome, and the two fathers knelt beside their living children.
"I knowed ye'd find us, dad!" said Rilly, "My leg's broke, ad we had to wait. He broke it," pointing to the sead besist; "but me 'nd Ranter kep' him off the kid, 'nd Ran-ter killed him. The bany's all right. Didn't find him till last night, An wasn't be kungry!"

Wita great rejoicing the lost children—and poor, tore Ranter as well—were carried to the Froncer cabin. As Mrs. Fromer was lavishing her tenderness and gratitude upon Rilly, Pete Pelter came and stood beside her with a triumph in his face that was good to

I knowed we'd find them two kids to

Offended an Indian Prince.

The Prince of Wales' sqn, Albert Victor, has given mortal offense to the Almost always the wenther permitted him Maharajah Holkar, one of the mightiest court. Holkar was in London during the jubilee festivities in 1887, and gave the officials more trouble than all the rest of the royal visitors put together. He was never satisfied, and finally returned to India before the appointed times. All through the long, pleasant time of sunshine the careful housewife was left of Wales or some other infidel prince of Wales or some other infidel prince

The stern processional ascends the steep
Of high Olympas, and the kings of song
With ceaseless note the antiphony prolong
Of those who rote in sackoloth. Sad and deep
Their voices who the unchecked remembrane

keep Of wandering passion. Fearlessly and strong Did Shakespeare wall the expense of spirit's wrong,
And Burns the woe that poppled pleasures reap.
Easier for human hearts to bear a pain
Than to forego the rapture that they miss.
Men may repent, but how can they repent?

Not in remorse, but in the wild regret
And helpless yearning for disastrous bliss.

-Thomas W. Higginson in Caristian Union.

NOT CREDIBLE, BUT TRUE.

What I have to say is not fiction, but fact. The heroine of my "strange story"-and no less true than straoge—died many years ago. Most of her generation have followed her to the land, the inhabitants of which may or may not revisit ours in visible guise. The Lord of the quick and the dead alone knows how this may be. There is no reason why I should not put into print what many of her contemporaries heard from her own lips, not only at the date of the mysterious occurrence that shadowed her life, but when a half century had softened the grisly outlines of the horror, and she could contemplate it in perspective, almost with calculess, although never without awe.

I, Nancy Barksdale, who write this, was a girl of 18 when, at the close of a May day fifty years agone, my father's carriage set me down at the door of my dear friend Augusta Deane, in Cartersville, Va. Cartersville was then, and may be now, an uninteresting village, straggling leisurely along the banks of the James river, to which it owed its being and continued life. We had pitted Augusta Ellett, the belle of two Richmond seasons, not because she married Frank Deane, a promising young lawyer, but for having to live in the muddy, tame little town. The wedding had taken place in Decembe and this was my first visit to her new abode It was a small, white cottage, set back about twenty yards from the street, which differed in nothing from a country highway, except that there were more houses on and near it. I had just time to observe that the Deanes' cottage was a story and a haif high, with dormer windows in the roof; that it was neat and newly painted; that the wicket gate in the front palings was overarched by a bower of honeysuckle, and the front porch overrun with a multiflora rose tree, now in affinent bloom, when Augusta ran out through the open door and down the gravel

walk to the carriage.

She was a trifle thinner than when I had last seen her, but animated and joyous, with vivacity that did not abate while she attended me to her own chamber on the first floor, pouring out salutations, queries and interjections in her old frank, impetuous way.

"You must stay in here with me until Frank comes home," she said, helping me to Richmond day before vesterday and may not get back before Saturday."
"Your first separation, isn't it?" asked I,

struck with something not quite natural in her manner. "Yes. He was obliged to go-on busing adding the last word as it might be an after-

While she spoke she was rearranging some clothing hung in a press to make room for that I had laid off. Her hands wavered, and she kept her face turned from me.

With the slight (and insufferable) touch of superior soons of a fancy-free-as-yet maiden had passed into thin air when the wife sought for the sentimental feelings of "young marto grasp it. ried folks," I felgned to overlook her emotent myself with that for the present, and tolerate a weakness peculiar to her position: were widely separated from the other searchers was the prettier and sweeter for the mist, ers when they came upon the tracks made by little feet.

was the prettier and sweeter for the mist, simulacrum of his physical presence upon the imagination of her who leved him passion-little feet.

was the prettier and sweeter for the mist, which was not quite dew, lingering upon her eyelashes. We supped en tete-a-tete and sat ward over the soft, most ground of the little freighted air throbbing and cooling before ground. All turned in a startled way to see that loilow they were in, not losing sight of a single track. Suddenly Pelter stopped, with a look in his face that seemed half sad and half a smothered cry of alarm.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! Look at that?" be six months' separation. Augusta bore her part gallantly, and I quite forgot the passing cloud that had dimmed her eves and shaken

When we were ready for hed the cloud returned and broke. I saw her kneeling form trembling from head to foot while she was saying her prayers, and heard a stifled sob. bureau on the far side of the room, took a miniature from a drawer, kissed it twice and furtively slipped it under her pillow. When knew, sentle and gradual as was the move ment, that she drew the picture from its hiding place and pressed it to her bosom. Passing my hand coressingly over her cheek I felt that it was wot.

"Augusta!" I said, softly, "cannot I comfort you! What is it, my poor dear! Surely you are not grieving over a sorrow that will be cured so soon as will Mr. Deane's ab-

She clung to me in a wild storm of tears She was but 20, and had not had a secret from me in ten years; so I got this one. Law business, imporative and not to be de-ferred, she said, had called Frank to Richmond. With all her sweetness of temper his wife had been a spoiled child in her father's house, and her husband had never crossed her. She especially desired that he should be at home while I was there, and could not be be transacted as well by correspondence as in person. From pleading she passed to remonstrance, then to indignant protest. The rewedded, the first quarrel. Frank told her that she was uureasenable and childish, and asked her how she expected him to make a living for berself and him if she kept him tied to her apron string.
"And I called him unfeeling and cruel and

confessed the pentient, between ber sobs. "I have cried myself to sleep for two nights over it. If I could but see him for one minute-long enough to beg his par-don-I could let him go again for six months, if necessary. If you had seen his face when I said that last wicked word! He turned as white as death, and bit his lips hard to keep back the bitter answer I deserved. How could I do it? How could I do it?"

It did seem inexcusable to me—a slightly priggish damsel, with a well formulated creed of wifely duty and deportment-but I lectured her infldly in consideration of her

genuine distress. 'He has a generous heart," I concluded. "He will not bear a grasige, you may be sure, and his very soul is bound up in you." The neatly cut plaster did not draw the lips of the would together. Indeed, is bled

life, my suffering, patient, ill used angel! And I wouldn't walk down to the boat with most of her own child, of course, but she thought a good deal about Pete Peltor's child also, Perhaps people were a little too hard on Rilly, after all. Perhaps if the neighbor were a little too hard on Rilly, after all. Perhaps if the neighbor were a little too hard on the such a ruse of the walked out of the house—oh, Nancy! Albert Victor's sin of omission was intentional, and that he will be revenged. As Holkar rules over 8,000 square miles of territory and has 1,225,000 subjects he is capable of giving trouble to his shown as such a rowdy.

At length she noticed that the sunshine had grown dim. Evening was coming and Jerry's father would soon be home, and she must bring the little fellow in and make him sust bring the little fellow in and make him sust bring the little fellow in and make him such as well as the father of the window. When he didn't even go with him to the door, and when he hissed me good-by I door, and when he hissed me good-by I door, and when he hissed me good-by I wasn't a but the door, and when he hissed me good-by I wasn't a strict the door, and when he hissed me good-by I wasn't a strict the more friendly lost let him do it and stood like a dumbbleck while he walked out of the house—oh, Nancy!

Albert Victor's sin of omission was intentional, and that he will be revenged. As Holkar rules over 8,000 square miles of territory and has 1,225,000 subjects he is capable of giving trouble to his sucrain, and the lindian government is, therefore, waterhing him closely, with one eye on Indoore and the other on the Russian government at Mery.

The proper number of the kind even powers and stood like a dumbbleck while he walked out of the house—oh, Nancy! I want a bit the door, and when he issed me good-by I wasn't a but the foor, and when he issed me good-by I wasn't a but the foor on the such a rule to be such a rule.

The proper number of the kind even proper number of the kind even public him do it and stood like a dumbbleck while he walked out of the house—oh, Nancy! I want a bit the individ him, although I know he was longing to ask

thing! and he rushed of down the street with never a glance behind him. That was our first parting! We ported under a thunder cloud, Nancy! I have lived in the heart of t over since. If you had not come I think I

My sympathy quieted her somewhat, I hope, but I amatraid the battered platitudes, of which, as is the case with most younglings of inexperience, I had great store, wrought more soporifically. Pausing for breath and a reply, at length, I discovered that she was

sleep. / Chilled and chagrined, I laid her from my arms upon her own piliow. Something slid from her lax hand. It was her husband's miniature, glass and setting warmed by her possionate holding. I thrust it impatiently under her pillow. The cut was not danger-ons, I reflected, with judicial fatuoussess, when the patient could slumber under the

I was aroused in the morning by a shower of I was aroused in the morning by a shower of kisses upon my lips and cyclids. In the slow awakening from the slumbers of health and youth, I dreamed that I was walking through a vista of honeysuckies that bobbed dewily against my face, and opened laughing eyes upon Augusta's countenance. She were a white gown, bound at the waist with a blue eash, Frank's favorite color; the honeysuckles were in her belt; the breath and fragrance and refreshment of the May morning were about and in her. I had overslept myself by a matter of two hours, and breakfast wa ready. Augusta sat at the open window and chatted while I dressed.

"I am quite another creature today," she said blithely. "You have wrought a won-derful cure upon me, Dr. Nancy. I am going to follow your prescriptions, put useless regrets behind me, and behave like a rational Christian in future. I have been thinking, too, over the possibilities of Frank's getting back on Friday, instead of Saturday. I feel almost sure that he will be here to-morrow This is Thursday, you know. I can imagine how he will thank you when he hears what

good advice you gave me." Could I remind her that she had dropped asleep before I reached the "application" of my homily! She was still chatting, when, fully drossed, I joined her at the window and tacked along the window frame, cast grace ful streamers from one side to the other Smiling happily and reguishly, Augusta pulled down a spray bearing as many fivecointed flowers as leaves, coiled it rapidly into a wreath, and laid it on my bead. "And you shall wear a starry crown!" she chanted, gayly.

I think the gate latch clicked. I know we both looked out at the same instant.

Frank Deane was just entering the yard. Have I said that he was a handsome man! I had always thought so, but never believed he could be so royally beautiful as now, framed in the honeysuckled arch of the little gateway. His face was alight with happi-ness and love; his eyes eagerly sought the window, and, as a low exclamation of rapture escaped the figure beside me, he smiled, tossed his band into the air in glad greeting, and lay aside my traveling garb. "He went to bounded quickly up the walk. Augusta flew moment, saw him, I solemnly aver, as he set his foot upon the lower step of the porch, the flash of the May sunshine upon his blonds bead, uncovered in knightly reverence before his wife.

Then, a wild shrick of terrified anguish rang through every corner of the cottage. I reached Augusta as she recked back, fainting. My arms-not her husband's-received he The porch was vacant; so were the path and the trellised gateway. The radiant presence that had glorified all three an instant before

to grasp it.
Frank Deane, as a few old Virginians still tion. She might pine at heart for the absent mate, but she did me the justice to be sincerely delighted at my coming. I would convery hour and minute in which we believed that we saw him come in at the wicket gate. Perhaps the Society of Psychical Res presently she showed me a sunny face that which enabled the released spirit to project a which was not quite dew, linearing and advanced the existence and define the presently she showed me a sunny face that which enabled the released spirit to project a which was not quite dew, linearing and the project a simulacrum of his physical present.

"God let him come to lift the cloud," the

believe that she beheld him with her bodily eyes, say psychical savans, reverent in faith to what they cannot explain, But what, then, was it that I saw!-Marior Harland in New York Ledger.

His love was so mighty that he made her

" Bewitched Milk.

P. S. Bean, a former Oxford dean, now residing in Cadott, Wis., communicates a strange tale of an old Oxford county superstition to The Norway Advertiser He says that when he was a lad the people of his neighborhood used to believe that an old woman living there was a witch. She became provoked with a neighbor because the latter refused to sell her a cow and thereafter no butter could be made from that cow's milk. No matter how long they churned, the butter would not come. As the story goes, a girl in the family had heard that a witch could be burned and dispossessed by dropping a red hot horseshoe in the churn with the cream. She tried the experiment, whereupon she declared that a scream issued from the churn! The butter soon came, and a scar in the shape of a horseshoe was afterwards seen on the old woman's person by some imaginative observer. "When I was a boy, I believed the story, but my faith is somewhat shaken now," says Mr. Bean.

Up Go Dilliard Balls. The news that Emin Pasha had left behind him his load of ivory has had a surprising effect upon billiard interests in this country, and its effect may be soon felt in a further builties of the market for soft ivory used in the manufacture of billiard balis. The price of billiard balls was recently advanced to \$32 for a set of four balls of standard 24 inch measurement. It was the hast boom of a slow rise in price that had been going on for nearly a year. Last year before the advance set in a standard set of balls of the best ivory could be bought for \$28. Pool balls were a trifle cheaper, because such true spheres of ivery are not needed in

The billiard ball manufacturers attrib ute the increase to the war that had been going on in Zanzibar for a year or more between the Arab traders and the natives on the one hand and the German leaders of the protectorate at Zenaibar on the other. These costly dissensions, the manufacturers say, had the effect of greatly retarding the expertation of soft ivery from Africa, and created a scarcity G. P. & T. A., St. Louis, Mo. of good wory that made the increase in prices of billiard bails necessary.

The war in Zanzibar was squelched

OLIVER BROS.,

#### LUMBER must have gone crazy, thinking and living it

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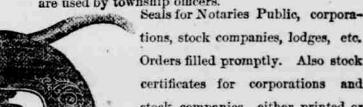
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